

If We Knew.

If we knew the cares and crosses  
Crowding round our neighbor's way;  
If we knew the little losses,  
Sorely grievous day by day,  
Would we then so often chide him  
For the lack of thrift of gain—  
Leaving on his heart a shadow,  
Leaving on his heart a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,  
Held by gentle blessings there,  
Would we turn away all trembling  
In our blind and weak despair?  
Would we shrink from little shadows,  
Lying on the dewy grass,  
While 'tis only birds of Eden,  
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,  
Quivering through the hearts of pain,  
Would our womanhood dare doom them  
Back to haunts of guilt again?  
Life hath many a tangled crossing,  
Joy hath many a break of woe,  
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest—  
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms  
For the key to other lives,  
And with love toward erring nature,  
Cherish good that still survives;  
So that when we stand in judgment,  
When the Lord shall come again,  
We may say, "Dear Father, judge us  
As we judged our fellow men."

—SEL.

Two Pillars.

BY C. H. BALSBAUGH.

Because I "guided my hands wittingly," crossing them when laying them on elders Saylor and Miller some took occasion to remark impertinently. (I use this last word in its strictly derivative sense.) I made no comparison between these brethren save that they were both pillars. Neither made I any reference to the German Baptist Church. What does God care about names, ours or yours, save that they stand for relatives of what he is the origin and end? We may have the best name in the vocabulary of God and be dead.

That elder Saylor was vastly superior to elder Miller in native intellect and executive ability and chivalrous aggressiveness requires but little judgment to determine. But "the ability that God giveth" is more than the loftiest thinking power. To preach with the eloquence of Apollos, and the logic of Paul, is one thing; to be the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost is another thing altogether. The deification of intellect is one of the God-hindering, Devil-helping enormities of the age. It is abundantly illustrated in all branches of a Fraternity—if that can be called a Fraternity where its stiletto of fratricide is in greater demand than the mantle of charity. Love that accepts death in its most hideous form in behalf of immortality, and makes itself the scapegoat for the default of others, counts more with God than the eloquence of all the Bourdillons and Massillons that Christendom has ever produced. Real power is direct God-power. "All power in Heaven and earth is given unto Me, therefore go." "Without Me ye can do nothing." Whether the God-man spoke of himself the life in its minutest details must demonstrate. Not a word but what was the utterance of God in the flesh. With all His true ambassadors it is the same: So far as their sermons are simply the birth of intellect, they are not of God in any other sense than that our daily bread is of God. The cake that was baked for Elijah by the brook Cherith is a different article. The branch is wholly and always dependent on "the True Vine." Knowledge puffeth up, and here is the peril not only of culture, but of finite mind. Not only man but angels were too weak to bear the awful gift of moral intelligence.

Christianity is what the Church lamentably needs, and not simply the truths it proclaims. The Truth sanctifies and makes free only when it is identical with Person. The incarnation of God is salvation, and nothing short of this. How many a gifted sermon and splendid article is poisoned through and through with self, so that it is painful to listen to or to read, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, who can know it?" To know ourselves is the highest and divinest attainment. He that "needeth not that any should testify of man, for he knoweth what is in man," is Christed, and lives, acts, and speaks in the consciousness of indwelling Deity. If as much energy were put forth in self crucifixion and wrestlings with the Mystic Man of Peniel as there is in defence of doctrine and ordinance, creed and tradition and notion and names, the result would be glorious. So long as the present spirit prevails, numerical increase is no index of

progress. Not numbers but likeness to God in the flesh constitutes the church. The One Man who is also God is infinitely more than the millions who constitute His Body. Not how many were baptized but who is born of God, is the question in which we should be supremely interested. To be partaker of the Divine Nature is more than membership in the visible church. This is representative, that is radical, eternal fact which gives value to all that is objective. Why not make this our theme, and the central verity of our being, and let it shape all individual conduct and corporate government? Boaz and Jachin do not mean gifted elders, or eloquent crowd-swaying preachers, but "pillars that are strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." We meet with much that is powerful, and ostensibly for Christ, but palpably alien to his spirit. Christianity has a restraining, moulding, indirect influence on many, in and out of the church, to whom it is nevertheless "the savor of death unto death." "Pure religion and undefiled before God" is the immanence of God himself, so that, "as he is, so are we in this world." O that this were more really and largely true of us all; then there would be peace and power which would constrain earth and hell to confess that "Jesus is in us of a truth."

Retrospective and Prospective.

BY R. K. BINKLEY.

Brethren Brown and Culp in last issue caused me to think of the little bands that would gather outside the tent at Arnold's Grove, after a certain decision, was made that plainly indicated the evils of too much church legislation, and there in great earnestness discuss the issues. When, as brother Brown suggests, the police prowled around with clubs. While the little band were in the school house many of us were watching things without, and there many a resolve was made: that if you as a body do not undo what you have done amiss, I will unite my labors, without the least fear of offending God, with the people who will accept his word as their only law in Religion. And now since we see the result of a few years patient labor, let us not be so astonished that we forget to work. We have valient men for this great work and it takes money to keep them in the field. If we "lay by in store," etc., and don't spend so much for mere luxuries, in a few years we can wipe out the College debt, build numbers of meeting-houses and supply them with a working ministry. In ten short years, it will be astounding to see the result of patient labor, aided by the favor of God. I can just now recall a number who have said to me, "we are persuaded that you are founded on the true Gospel principles, and have more love and union among you than we have; but your sisters are too gaudily attired, and I fear that in a few years they will run wild on the matter of dress." Now let me say to those good sisters through this medium, that if that is all that is in your way, come in, and we will couple you to that sister, who is a little vain, with the strong chord of love, and you can hold her down to a Gospel gait. Faster than that we do not wish to go.

The Lord is thy Keeper.

"Kept by the power of God." Weak and stumbling child of God, have you fully tested that privilege? How often have you told in the social meeting, or by your early life, how you have been overcome and led into sin and disobedience. Such a testimony does not honor Him whose name you bear. Men see that you are not "kept." How then are they to judge fairly of your religion and of your faithfulness of Him who has promised to keep his children. You owe it to Christ, to your self, and to a lost world, to fully, squarely put his promise of keeping to the test. Trying to keep yourself is not trusting Him to do it. You were ready to own your utter inability to save yourself from your load of sin. Why not admit your entire helplessness to keep yourself in the least, and put yourself, your weakness, your temptations, into Christ's keeping, in the most literal, absolute sense? He can and will be your keeper and only when you do this. He cannot share the

work with you; he could trust no such partnership; it would be a complete failure. When the soul, the will, and the whole being are utterly abandoned to him, he can then control and keep he will do it sometimes without our thought to the danger or the rescue; at one time by saying to us, "Turn aside hither," and so lead us away from danger. He will have his own way, and it will be a sure way, and an overcoming way. "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."—SEL.

Personal Piety.

How many are the ways in which God addresses to all the exhortation, "Seek ye My face"? His voice syllabing these words, is heard in those promptings of conscience by which numbers are made uneasy in the practice of sin. The sacraments of the Church, the sermons of faithful ministers, all the public ordinances of religion—what are they but vehicles through which the same message is continually conveyed? The daily mercies of life, the occasional trials and bereavements—they do all but give utterance to the same call. In prosperity there is a whisper—"Seek ye My face"; I have richer things in store than earthly or perishable good. And if adversity have a rougher tone, its speech is still—"Seek ye My face"; this world is not your rest, and I would have you look for a brighter above. And what is the answer of the heart? Does the heart reply with that of David—"Thy face Lord, will I seek"? I can wish nothing more excellent for myself, nothing more excellent for any, than the being able with sincerity to declare, that wheresoever is heard the message, then is delivered the response of our text. But in hundreds of cases the message is heard and no answer given, unless that of refusal or a frivolous excuse. Ah, if there are such words in the Bible as "Seek ye My face," there are also such words—"They shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me." We must not presume on the graciousness or long suffering of God. Carefully observe that it is *when* or *while*, God saith, "Seek ye My face," that the heart of David declares, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."—CANNON H. MELVILL.

The Treasury Empty.

BY J. T. ZOOK.

Is our treasury empty? How painful these words fall on the ears of all who have the interest of the church at heart. Is not an empty treasury an indication of a lukewarm church, if not something worse? The Lord's treasury empty! and the earth his, and the fulness thereof! Then verily something that belongs to the Lord must be in our own treasuries. Let us search and see, "can a man rob God and be guiltless or escape punishment?" Hear the answer: "Ye are cursed with a curse, for ye have robbed me." How fearful! "Take heed and beware of covetousness," saith Jesus. The Apostle Paul tells us further that "covetousness is idolatry." God forbid that it should be said of us, as it was of the Samaritans: "They feared God and worshipped idols." They fear God, and worship Mammon. Let us not as individuals, think we can hide our delinquency under the broad mantle of the church. God knows every penny in his treasury, and he knows who put it there. They that have treasure there will receive a reward; they that have none he will judge. If we had that love for the Master and the church, that ought to fill our hearts we would not be so careless in the matter, but there would be an earnest desire to contribute something, and we would be willing to make some sacrifice to be able to do so. When it becomes necessary to contribute more largely than usual, let us ask ourselves the question. Has the Lord done aught for me? and can I do anything for him? If these questions were rightly considered there would be no empty church treasuries; but each one would give liberally, and exclaim: "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gifts."

The water that has no taste is purest; the air that has no odor is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.